

The Occult Word.



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THE OCCULT WORD.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO
THE INTERESTS OF

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,

AND FOR THE DISSEMINATION OF
ORIENTAL KNOWLEDGE.

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By MRS. JOSEPHINE W. CABLES.

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Bringing dark things into daylight, solving doubts that
vex the mind.
Like an open eye is wisdom—he that hath her not is
blind.

—Arnold.

"MR. ISAACS."

"A TALE OF MODERN INDIA, BY F. MARION
CRAWFORD."

Is the title of a novel which has attracted the attention of the enlightened public to an unusual degree, and of persons too who do not read novels. Few of these readers seem inclined to say, if they themselves know, why they read this work rather than others which would be considered, by good judges, superior to "Mr. Isaacs." But to the initiated it is evident enough that Ram Lal is the object of interest, and yet few really believe that such beings as he exist. But F. Marion Crawford knew more than he told, and he felt obliged, like Lord Lytton, to make a romance of the truth, which the world is really dying to know. That many persons are ready to know that the soul has possibilities it knows not of, is evident in the eagerness with which these weird books are sought after. It is the purpose of this little sheet to lay before its readers the knowledge which its authors have obtained, in the guise of seriousness. We are sure, aye *know* for ourselves, and can put others in the way to know for themselves, that such men as Ram Lal live, and that in reality they are the only men who do live, because they are the Occult Masters, not only of themselves but of the elements, spheres and worlds. They have mastered matter and stand forth as *Gods*; no longer the miserable subjective beings as the readers of "Mr. Isaacs," who do not control even the least base passions of their nature, and contend they cannot because they are natural? Forsooth, so are the thistles natural, yet they choke the wheat, and the husbandman tears them out and casts them into the fire. So have these kings of men done in the garden of their souls; and now nothing but wheat remains. They have become one with real, and not pretended, nature and know all

things. The promised seal is broken. It is given to the world to know that the Masters live and that we can place ourselves in rapport with them in possessing sufficient desire to search and find them, and that we may also become like them. Those who have truth born in their souls will recognize it when it comes before them.

Some of us have *known* for years that the Himalayan Brothers exist, and have only been waiting for some proof that would give dignity to a statement of the facts. We have now in novel form, in "Mr. Isaacs," hints which have sent the mind out after the real serious facts, which can be found in the candid earnest work of A. P. Sinnett, entitled "Occult World" which is a compilation of letters (received in a, to the *vulgi populi*, miraculous manner) from the great Mahatma or Adept, Koot Hoomi, one of the holy men of the Himalayan mountains, and who possesses all the power of Ram Lal and many more than Mr. Crawford dare attribute to him even in a romance. Koot Hoomi, Mr. Sinnett's Guru or teacher, has become well and widely known, and the Theosophical Society of this city have entertained gentlemen of New York, whose standing and social position is such as would ensure perfect confidence in their testimony on any other subject, who have seen and conversed with him and other adepts many times and many hours at a time. Mr. William Q. Judge, of New York city, while a guest of the Rochester Theosophical Society, gave testimony of meeting them often, and at one time of receiving a lock of glossy black hair, which he saw taken from the head of one of them and which he will allow no one to touch, so great is his veneration for it. The society has other evidence of the lives of the Mahatmas which it will gladly give to those who wish to know more.

Those beings go about as they like, sometimes as did Ram Lal with only their astral, and again with their physical bodies, and they are not controlled by spirits. They teach that all beings are inferior to man in his perfected manhood, and they consequently control all beings, as all men can do when they control themselves. Indeed they warn all people to abstain from communings with the so-called spirits of departed friends, as they are in danger of losing both body and soul, by placing themselves in rapport with the soulless shells which they can have no power to try. How can he try a spirit who has no understanding of his own spirit and whose body only is master? Thaumaturgists of old when it was deemed necessary for some great purpose to summon the dead to aid, (and it was never selfish aid) found it essential to make themselves pure in body and mind, to do which, they were obliged to go away by themselves and fast and labor in many ways we know nothing about. But they must live always chaste, never indulging anger, which brings the deepest curse upon the flesh who indulges it, and eat of no animal food. "Even then" says Psellius, "bring her (the soul) not forth, least in departing she retain something con-

taminating her purity for which she has to suffer more or less after her departure." But how is it with us who live in this land where slavery, with all its horrors could live and thrive, and prisons exist where men are tortured by brutes more animal than themselves, who are placed over them by political craft; and where children are born whom nobody owns or cares for and who never saw a look of welcome on any kind and tender face, and who now are the victims of our own House of Refuge, where deeds are done to shame and curse the very air we breath; and where badly born and half starved children are in constant fear of personal violence at the hands of their parents, from whom there is no escape?

We have no doubt that the pure souls of just men made perfect are always ready to communicate and do our bidding, and we ourselves so unclean in body and mind! The masters tell us we are deceived, and that we must labor to know ourselves and be no longer subject to men and things, as there is no safety for us in body or mind, save through the will; and that the mind must be no longer slave but rise up, up and become like them, controlled by nothing,—princes of men. By rigid performance of such rules the Mahatmas attain to high wisdom and in the words of Mr. Sinnett: "Acquire control over various forces in nature, which ordinary science knows nothing about. By means of this, an Adept can hold conversation with any other Adept, whatever the intervals on the earth's surface may be between them. This psychological telegraphy is wholly independent of all mechanical conditions or appliances whatever, and I would add that this is wholly independent of supernatural agency also. From an established principle in mechanics, namely, that an action and reaction are equal, it follows that every impression which man makes by his words or movements, upon the ether, air, water or earth, will produce a series of changes on each of these elements, which will never end. Thus the word which is going out of one's mouth causes pulsations or waves in the air and these expand in every direction until they have passed around the whole globe. In the same manner the waters must retain traces of every disturbance, as for instance, where ships cross the sea. And the earth too is tenacious of every impression man makes upon it. The path and traces of such pulsations and impressions are all definite, and are subject to the laws of mathematics. But it needs a very superior power of analysis to follow and discern such sounds, traces and impressions. Nevertheless, as this is done to physical laws, it is not too much to suppose that this must be within the reach of human beings. In the higher intellects, there may certainly be the inlets of perception adequate and accurate enough to discern and trace them through all their bearings; but why should we grow so sceptical as regards our own power? Why should we suppose that the means of distinguishing the effects of physical forces possessed by the generality of

mankind, are as perfect and complete as they can hope for, for eternity? There may certainly be a means of acquiring such knowledge, though they may not be known to all. Indeed, according to the Aryan Yoga Vidya, it seems to be quite within the province of human beings (by a certain course of training) to acquire the extraordinary powers of seeing the minutest or most distant and obstructive objects, hearing distant sounds, penetrating through matter, moving about in the air, assuming the smallest or largest form at will, and so forth. There is not the slightest justification for us to entertain a doubt as to the possession of such abnormal powers by the great Mahatmas, who have systematically studied and mastered psychology in all its various occult departments. It is abundantly proved that they do actually possess such powers: and judging from this and other circumstances, it is but common sense to expect that such knowledge may be attainable by all who undergo the necessary training and are constitutionally fit. However, this may be as regards the physical constitution of man, this may not be an impossibility to the soul."

Passion will be Slave or Mistress, follow her, she brings to woe;

Lead her, 'tis the way to Fortune. Choose the path that thou wilt go.

SLANDERED INDIA.

MADRAS, March 1.—Not many years ago India was almost an unknown land to the Americans. But, owing I suppose to the natural progress of events, its people and its literature are becoming more known to the Western mind. To appreciate the country you must come here. And you need not come in a missionary spirit or a missionary garb, because that will at once debar you from much that you want to know. The missionary is not a favorite here, as I was much astonished to learn, because judging the matter by the information doled out to me and mine in the churches and the publications of my New England home, I thought that among those poor heathen, christianized or not, I would hear much of the good missionaries and their doings. I find that the government does not specially nurse them, but treats all sects alike, indeed going to great lengths in protecting and fostering many practices which would not be permitted in Great Britain.

The laws are not those of England, but each Court and Judge decides cases upon the peculiar customs of his district. Many controversies arise which never could arise in other countries. For instance, disputes about offering what is called *shradda* and *pindam* to the souls of the dead. Instead of finding a horde of idolatrous, ignorant people, I am astonished to meet among even the lowest castes men of great mental penetration, who laugh at the distorted ideas we Westerners have. They are not true idolaters because they always will tell you there is but one Supreme God.

It has been my good fortune to make the acquaintance of some Brahmins, and I have found them to be men of great mental power who are not possible of approach by the missionaries. In fact some of them have been asking me very pointed questions.

One day I started conversation on the subject of the progress of Christianity in India, when one said: "But it progresses not here. That which you think are evidence of its progress is delusive. The converts are only among the caste which is no caste, and which we call pariah."

"But," I asked, "are there not more christians now than there were?"

He answered "yes," but said that the population was increasing, and that the young men who are educated by the government are all of the most advanced school of atheism, believing neither in Christianity nor in the ancient faith. On asking for the reason of this, he said it was no doubt due to the fact

that the Indian mind could not accept the crude teachings of Christianity, which their own literature showed was all a borrowed philosophy, and then suddenly changing he asked me: "Why is it if your religion is so good and true, that in your cities of London, Paris and New York, there is so much murder, theft, prostitution and drunkenness?"

I was not able to reply. I was afraid he might take up the Irish question.

He then showed me some translations, published by Trubner of London and others, of various portions of his country's literature. Among them I remember the Bhagavad Gita which is a portion of the Mahabharata. It breathes the highest morality, the deepest metaphysics and is as much superior to the disquisitions upon the Christian system which our missionary money goes to pay for, as Emerson is to a dime novel. I cannot see why we have been kept in ignorance of these valuable works. Can it be possible our missionaries are afraid? It is time that all our people knew of these things, for it is evident to me, from my slight initial examination, that we can gain much from this literature.

I find in the papers here, and among the people, quite an excitement about a society of New York origin, now centered here, called the Theosophical Society, at the head of which is Col. Olcott, who is, I think, the same one who was very prominent during the war in the United States in ferreting out swindling contractors. Curious too, the excitement is about the literature again, for there is a great stir among the people to inquire into their own ancient beliefs. The government has given the society great countenance, and the President of one of its branches is an ex-member of the Imperial Privy Council, which is a big thing here.

The people are quiet, thoughtful, very hospitable, and seem to have a universal belief, regarding their past and future lives, which leads them to dread a bad action. They call it *Karma*. If a yellow-robed Buddhist recluse comes along they will hasten to give him alms, as they say it will give them honor and pleasure in their next birth.

In my next I will go into a little detail on some interesting traditions and customs of this place.

QUINTILLIAN.

THE LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

The following is a letter written by Professor J. D. Buck, Dean of Pulti College, Cincinnati, a gentleman of high standing, a scholar of deep learning, and a fellow of the Theosophical Society, to Madame Blavatsky, editor of the *Theosophist*, a monthly journal published in Madras, India. It is from the issue of January, 1882:

To the Editor of the *Theosophist*: MADAME:—The story of your reception in India, coming to us here over so many miles of land and sea, is gratifying beyond expression, and for many reasons. First, it illustrates practically the divine law of human brotherhood, the spark of which everywhere exists, ready to start into genial glow or ruddy flame under the kindly touch of human sympathy. Hitherto the people of India have been approached from two different standpoints. A double-headed dragon called *Christian Civilization* has wronged and oppressed a people naturally peaceful, non-combative, and kind-hearted, and then to make amends, insulted and misrepresented their religion while offering—nay insisting on converting them to its own. For the first time in modern history, these people are recognized and treated as brothers, instead of "unregenerate heathen." That they should have hesitated at first was natural and logical; that they should so soon take you, and the cause which you so nobly represent to their hearts, is an honor to them and you. In the field of Theosophy I am an humble seeker, hungering and thirsting after that mys-

tic love, which was hoary with age in India and Egypt before the birth of Christendom. I can add nothing to your pages in that direction. But I can assure your Indian readers that in the land of the setting sun, there is a rising faith, which prays with its face to the far East; that there are true brothers here, who have never had part in their oppression, and whose hearts are more ready to receive them, than are many of their own flesh and blood; that we are anxious to *know* both them and their religion; that they can speak to us as brothers, assured that we desire to understand, and that we will never knowingly misrepresent, pre-judge, or uncharitably condemn. There are thousands all over this broad land who feel in this way, and who are profoundly grateful to the honored President and Secretary of the Theosophical Society for representing them, and the universal brotherhood so nobly. We are in the midst of the "age of steam," "scientific"—materialists; but a few have remained undefiled, and are looking to the land of the "blazing star" and the "burning bush" believing that man's best interests are spiritual, that man never triumphs over nature till he triumphs over himself. Tell your Adepts who have been sitting with introverted gaze, who have scorned the world and the flesh, and who have dared to look at the burning bush, that we seek reverently to know what they have seen, that we would gladly flee to the mountains and the cave, to enjoy the light of the soul. They will not always refuse us, they need not fear the fate of Pythagoras. The shackles are broken from the limbs of knowledge, and "he who knows all that can be known by intelligent inquiry is a god among men." Tell them we seek this knowledge for its own sake, and the good it may be to others, and not for the base uses and profit of self. Tell them we will open our hearts and our treasures to them, and their race in the name of brotherhood, though we blush at the poverty of our store; we will give all that we have, and for their sake, wish it were worthy of their acceptance. Can they not save willing but useless toil? There is a royal road to knowledge though it leads through the valley of humility. There is a voice which sayeth, "be still, and know that I am God." That which we *acquire* is dross, that which we *receive* is gold. Take all the facts of science, and all the theories of man, and we are fools; while one word—the key of the "Adept," the "illuminated" dispels the mist, burns up the dross, and reveals the jewel truth. Only tell us in what direction to look, so that we have the hope of fruition. The veil may be thin, but our eyes are weak; it shall surely be rent by and bye, but for the sake of those we love, we would walk by the light that is within the veil. I know that such knowledge exists for men, forever the "forbidden fruit" to the selfish and vile, but open to him who seeks with clean hands and a pure heart. Who shall give us the key to the serpent myth, the renewal of life, the regeneration of the soul, the command over nature and disease, the power to bestow blessing and health?

A GREAT RIDDLE SOLVED.

BY DAMODAR K. MAVALANKAR, F. T. S., CHELA.

On my return to the Head-quarters from the North, where I had accompanied Col. Olcott on his Presidential Tour, I learnt with regret and sorrow of further and still more malignant strictures by certain Spiritualists on the claims of the Founders of the Theosophical Society to be in personal relations with the Mahatmas of the sacred Himavat. For me, personally, the problem is of course now solved. It being impossible, I shall not even undertake to prove my case to those who, owing to prejudice and misconception, have determined to shut their eyes before the most glaring facts, for none are so blind as

those who will not see, as the saying has it. I should at the same time consider to have ill-performed my duty were I not to put my facts before those earnest seekers after truth, who by sincere aspiration and devoted study, have been bringing themselves closer and closer to the Occult World. The best way, I believe, to carry conviction to an intelligent mind is to narrate the facts in as plain and simple a way as possible, leaving speculation entirely out of consideration.

At the outset I must state what is known to many of my friends and brothers of the Theosophical Society, viz., that for the last four years I have been the CHIELA of Mr. Sinnett's correspondent. Now and then I have had occasion to refer publicly to this fact, and to the other one of my having seen some of the other Venerated Mahatmas of the Himalayas, both in their astral and physical bodies. However, all that I could urge in favor of my point, viz., that these Great Masters are not disembodied spirits but living men—would fail to carry conviction to a Spiritualistic mind blinded by its prejudices and preconceptions. It has been suggested that either or both of the founders may be mediums in whose presence forms could be seen, which are by them mistaken for real living entities. And when I asserted that I had these appearances even when alone, it was argued that I too was developing into a medium.

While on my tour with Col. Olcott, several phenomena occurred—in his presence as well as in his absence—such as immediate answers to questions in my master's handwriting and over his signature, put by a number of our fellows, and some of which are referred to in the last number of the *Theosophist*, while others need not be mentioned in a document going into the hands of the profane reader. These occurrences took place before we reached Lahore, where we expected to meet in body my much doubted Master. *There I was visited by him in body, for three nights consecutively for about three hours every time, while I myself retained full consciousness, and in one case, even went to meet him outside the house.* To my knowledge there is no case on the Spiritualistic records of a medium remaining perfectly conscious, and meeting, by previous arrangement, his spirit-visitor in the compound, re-entering the house with him, offering him a seat and then holding a long converse with the "disembodied spirit" in a way to give him the impression that he is in personal contact with an embodied entity! Moreover him whom I saw in person at Lahore was the same I had seen in astral form at the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society, and the same again whom I, in my visions and trances, had seen at his house, thousands of miles off, to reach which in my astral Ego I was permitted, owing, of course, to his direct help and protection. In those instances with my psychic powers hardly developed yet, I had always seen him as a rather hazy form, although his features were perfectly distinct and their remembrance was profoundly graven on my soul's eye and memory; while now at Lahore, Jummoo, and elsewhere, the impression was utterly different. In the former cases, when making *Pranām* (salutation) my hands passed through his form, while on the latter occasions they met solid garments and flesh. Here I saw a living man before me, the same in features, though far more imposing in his general appearance and bearing than him I had so often looked upon in the portrait in Mme. Blavatsky's possession and in the one with Mr. Sinnett. I shall not here dwell upon the fact of his having been corporeally seen by both Col. Olcott and Mr. Brown separately, for two nights at Lahore, as they can do so better, each for himself, if they so choose. At Jummoo again, when we proceeded from Lahore, Mr. Brown saw him on the evening of the third day of our arrival there, and from him received a letter in his familiar handwriting, not to speak of his visits to me almost

every day. And what happened the next morning almost every one in Jummoo is aware of. The fact is, that I had the good fortune of being sent for, and permitted to visit a sacred *Ashrum* where I remained for a few days in the blessed company of several of the much doubted Mahatmas of Himavat and their disciples. There I met not only my beloved Gurudeva and Col. Olcott's Master, but several others of the fraternity, including One of the Highest. I regret the extremely personal nature of my visit to those thrice blessed regions prevents my saying more of it. Suffice it that the place I was permitted to visit is in the Himalayas, not in any fanciful Summer Land, and that I saw him in my own *sthulasarira* (physical body) and found my Master identical with the form I had seen in the earlier days of my Chelaship. Thus, I saw my beloved Guru not only as a living man, but actually as a young one in comparison with some other Sadhus of the blessed company, only far kinder, and not above a merry remark and conversation at times. Thus on the second day of my arrival, after the meal-hour I was permitted to hold an intercourse for over an hour with my Master. Asked by him smilingly, what it was that made me look at him so perplexed, I asked in my turn:—"How is it Master that some of the members of our society have taken into their heads a notion that you were 'an elderly man,' and that they have even seen you clairvoyantly looking an old man past sixty?" To which he pleasantly smiled and said, that this latest misconception was due to the reports of a certain Brahmachari, a pupil of a Vedantic Swami in the N. W. P.—who had met last year in Tibet the chief of a sect, an elderly Lama, who was his (my Master's) travelling companion at that time. The said Brahmachari having spoken of the encounter in India, had led several persons to mistake the Lama for himself. As to his being perceived clairvoyantly as an "elderly man," that could never be, he added, as real clairvoyance could lead no one into such mistaken notions; and then he kindly reprimanded me for giving any importance to the age of a Guru, adding that appearances were often false, &c., and explaining other points.

These are all stern facts and no third course is open to the reader. What I assert is either true or false. In the former case, no Spiritualistic hypothesis can hold good, and it will have to be admitted that the Himalayan Brothers are living men and neither disembodied spirits nor the creatures of the over-heated imagination of fanatics. Of course I am fully aware that many will discredit my account, but I write only for the benefit of those few who know me well enough to see in me neither a hallucinated medium nor attribute to me any bad motive, and who have ever been true and loyal to their convictions and to the cause they have so nobly espoused. As for the majority who laugh at, and ridicule, what they have neither the inclination nor the capacity to understand, I hold them in small account. If these few lines will help to stimulate even one of my brother fellows in the Society or one right thinking man outside of it to promote the cause the Great Masters have imposed upon the devoted heads of the Founders of the Theosophical Society, I shall consider that I have properly performed my duty.

ADYAR (MADRAS), 7th December, 1883.

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

Let not soft slumbers close thine eyes.
Before thou recollectest thrice
Thy train of actions through the day:
Where have my feet found out their way?
What have I learned, whither I've been,
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?
What know I more than's worth the knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duty have I left undone?
Or into what new follies run?
These self-inquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God.

"LIGHT OF ASIA."

The Scripture of the Saviour of the World,
Lord Buddha—Prince Siddhartha Styled on earth—
In Earth and Heaven and Hells Incomparable,
All-honored, Wisest, Best, most Pitiful;
The Teacher of Nirvana and the Law.

Thus came he to be born again for men.

Below the highest sphere four Regents sit
Who rule our world, and under them are zones,
Nearer, but high, when saintliest spirits dead
Wait thrice ten thousand years, then live again,
And on Lord Buddha, waiting in that sky,
Came for our sakes the five sure signs of birth
So that the Devas knew the signs, and said
"Buddha will go again to help the World."
"Yea!" spake He "Now I go to help the world
This last of many times; for birth and death
End hence for me and those who hear my Law.
I will go down among the Sakyas,
Under the Southward snows of Himalay,
Where pious people live and a just King."

That night the wife of King Suddhodana,
Maya the Queen, asleep beside her Lord,
Dreamed a strange dream; dreamed that a star from
heaven—

Splendid, six-rayed, in color rosy-pearl,
Whereof the token was an Elephant
Six-tusked and whiter than Vahuka's milk—
Shot through the void and, shining into her,
Entered her womb upon the right. Awaked,
Bliss beyond mortal mother's filled her breast,
And over half the earth a lovely light
Forwent the morn. The strong hills shook; the waves
Sank lulled; all flowers that blow by day came forth
As 'twere high noon; down to the farthest hells
Passed the Queen's joy, as when warm sunshine thrills
Wood-glooms to gold, and into all the deeps
A tender whisper pierced. "Oh ye," it said,
"The dead that are to live, the live who die,
Uprise, and hear, and hope! Buddha is come!"
Whereat in Limbos numberless much peace
Spread, and the world's heart throbbed, and a wind blew
With unknown freshness over land and seas.
And when the morning dawned, and this was told,
The gray dream readers said "The dream is good!
The Crab is in conjunction with the Sun;
The Queen shall bear a boy, a holy child
Of wondrous wisdom, proffing all flesh,
Who shall deliver men from ignorance,
Or rule the world, if he will deign to rule."

In this wise was the holy Buddha born.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The primary objects of the Theosophical Society, which was founded in New York, on November 17th, 1875, are as follows:

First.—To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed or color.

Second.—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literature, religions and sciences, and vindicate its importance.

Third.—To investigate the hidden mysteries of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

The Society appeals for its support to all who truly love their fellowmen, and desire the eradication of those hateful barriers, created by race, creed or color, that have so long and so sadly impeded human progress; to all scholars, all sincere lovers of TRUTH, wheresoever it may be found, and all philosophers alike in the East and in the West; to all who love India and would see a revival of her ancient glories, intellectual or spiritual; and lastly, to all who long for glimpses of higher and better things, than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life, and are prepared to make the sacrifices by which alone such knowledge can be attained.

Mr. P. Sreenivas Row, one of the vice-presidents of the Madras branch of the Society in a pamphlet "Why I became a Theosophist," says:

Why have you joined the Theosophical Society? is the question which I have been very frequently called upon by my friends to answer; and this I think is a very natural question, considering the mystery in which the whole institution, the process

of admission into its ranks, and the mode of working it, are all shrouded. The meaning of the word Theosophy itself is not popularly understood, while its significance, as representing a system of Religion in the ancient times and as it is recognized by its advocates of the present day, is hardly comprehended by many. Then, the Mahatmas (Yogis or Adepts) under whose inspiration and guidance the Society is alleged to have been working, have themselves been invisible except to a few; while the extraordinary psychical powers attributed to them and the mysterious ways in which they choose to exert those occult powers, are scrutable by fewer still. Lastly, the Founders of the Society are foreigners; and the ignorance of Oriental languages, and other disadvantages under which they labor have proved to be great impediments (despite their will and great anxiety to the contrary,) to their associating with the native populace on such a broad basis and on such a social footing as would command the confidence of all, and as they would have done had they been natives of India.

Theosophy, derived from two Greek words, *theos* (God) and *sophia* (wisdom),—means Divine Wisdom. It is a theory of God and His works including man; based upon individual inspiration and illumination, by means of physico-spiritual processes, and without the aid of revelation. It is founded on the recognition of one principle, whose existence in some form or other is admitted by every section of mankind as can easily be shown; it has no reference to revelation, in respect of which mankind is divided; and its *modus operandi* rests on the all admitted phenomena of nature and the psychical powers inherent in every human constitution. It does not force upon any one any belief of any kind in which all mankind do not share; it has no theories and dogmas which take cognizance of matters of detail; and all that it professes to do in regard to such matters is to encourage free and fearless inquiry. "I accept unreservedly the views of no man living or dead," is the motto of the Theosophists in the words of a great man of the bygone days. The system of Theosophy "has no creed; creeds are but the shells of spiritual knowledge; and Theosophy in its fruition is spiritual knowledge itself,—the very essence of philosophical and theistic enquiry," as has been properly observed by a great thinker. Any attempt to make the Society the propaganda of any religion or system would deprive it of its first quality, namely, cosmopolism, and make of it only a sect. In the words of A. O. Hume, of the Bengal civil service:

"Theosophy is Buddhism without the legends with which the Buddhist Church has, as years rolled by, disfigured the fair fabric of their founder; it is Christianity without the doctrines with which Christian Churches have overloaded the simple purity of their founder's work; it is a fresh outburst from that primeval font of sacred truth in which both Buddhism and Christianity and a hundred other creeds whose names even have long been forgotten, had their source." And I may add that Theosophy is Hinduism, without the distinctions of Dwaita, Adwaita, Visishtadwaita, and other subdivisions. It is also Mahomedanism, Zoroastrianism, and every other religion, and system, which either recognizes a God, or a Universal Principle as the all-powerful force that governs the Universe. So that in the words of Col. Olcott, "Every theosophist, holding to a theory of the Deity, which has not revelation, but an inspiration of his own for its basis, may accept any of the above definitions or belong to any of these religions, and yet remain strictly within the boundaries of Theosophy;" and further "with every man that is earnestly searching in his own way after a knowledge of the Divine Principle; of man's relation to it; and nature's manifestations of it, Theosophy is allied." And it is to be remarked that even in this encouraging a

spirit of research and investigation, Theosophy is not opposed to Orthodox or other systems. "Ignorance," says Krishna, "is to be destroyed by the force of Reason (Bhagavad Gita V. 15); and "He alone," says Manu, "comprehends the system of duties, religious or civil, who can reason by the rules of Logic" (XII. 106). And in fact no religion or system deserves its name which shrinks from enquiry, and enjoins blind faith in preference to an established conviction.

Vaughan has offered a beautiful, philosophical definition of Theosophy—"A theosophist, he says, "is one who gives you a theory of God or the works of God, which has not revelation, but an inspiration of its own for its basis." In this view, every great thinker and philosopher, especially every founder of a new religion, school of philosophy, or sect, is necessarily a Theosophist. Hence Theosophy and and Theosophists have existed ever since the first glimmering of nascent thought made man seek instinctively for the means of expressing his own independent opinions."

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Bar the door not to the stranger, be he friend or be he foe,
For the tree will shade the woodman while his axe doth lay it low.

Greeting fair, and room to rest in; fire, and water from the well—
Simple gifts—are given freely in the house where good men dwell;—

Young, or bent with many winters; rich, or poor, what-e'er thy quest,
Honor him for thine own honor—better is he than the best.

Pity them that crave thy pity; who art thou to stint thy hoard,
When the holy moon shines equal on the leper and the lord?

When the gate is roughly fastened, and the asker turns away,
Thence he bears thy good deeds with him, and his own thee doth lay.

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